

MARSHAL KY
IS A
POWER HUNGRY
OPPORTUNIST



...we that are Left shall grow old.

I GOT IT
AT FORMAL
WEAR

SO
DID I

**FAST
WORKERS
WEAR**

FORMAL
WEAR
FORMAL
WEAR



The ALP

BEST WE

Swinger of the Year: Ronald Ryan.

Best Prediction: "On the issue of conscription I will live or die politically." (A. A. Colwell)

Down-Grade Swimmer of the Year: Meo Tae-hung.

Fall guy of '66 (as also of '65) **Sgt. Crewford**, the 20st. cop who dropped on William Stirling in November '65. And for the best comment on the long-playing case so far: "One can only assume that this nine-stone defendant, with a defective arm, must be endowed with the strength of Hercules to have caused such a mess in this gathering" (N.S.W. Court of Appeal). After 14 months of law cases, Stirling has still not received a cent in compensation for his hospital sojourn. Which way Natural Justice?

21 This Year, Never Been 21 Before: the Hiroshima A-blast (August 6, 1945)

Aussieless Myth up Queen Street: Ned Kelly.

Perv of the Year (for showing an unnatural interest in the above-mentioned notorious poof): Sid Nease.

Actor of the Year: Clive Eavit, Q.C., whose professional appearances were sponsored by leading ladies at enormous cost. His flair for comedy survived undimmed, even though favourite straight-man Veron was struck from the rolls by Actors' Equity. Pity that a man who lives by defending the dignity of others has so little of his own.

The Dr. Kinsella University Medallist:

Dr. Alex Carey, who told an audience of university freshers that chastity was only another form of malnutrition. Students responded by holding a *Freedom from Hunger* collection.

Wife of the Year: Dulcie Bodsworth.

The St. Nicholas Award to the Sooths with an escape clause: Paul Heuck, who arrived in Dykerite in August with the bright revelation: "I have not come here as Father Christmas."

Pop Hero or the Downgrade: Jesus Christ who, according to John Lennon, has slipped on the popularity charts behind the Beatles, who in turn have slipped behind most of the field.

Folk Heroes' Prediction for '67: *Bombi and the Dishonestable Mark Tuckwell*.

Celgoe Palmolive Prize for a Fighting Image: Jackie Kennedy.

Mother of the Year: Mathematics votary **Mother Gennes**, whose cryptic equation $X = \text{God}$ would not balance for the Catholic right wing. Did she really make a cardinal mistake or just suffering from a spot of cloisterphobia?

The Red Badge of Courage: the Sunday papers for running all those brilliant stories about Mr Sun (Abe Saffron) and Mr Big (Lennie McPherson) without actually revealing who they were talking about.

Hemlet ("Ah, there's the rub") **Awards:** (jointly) the missile parlors and the "Telegraph", which exposed them for what they are (brothels) but still continued to run their seamy little ads in their back pages.

Criminal of the Year: **Josef Lasic**, a blind, half-paralysed Croat who sat in his wheelchair outside Parliament House somehow clutching a banner. This single-handed siege was ended abruptly when he was arrested and convicted for littering.

Whatever happened to:
Miss Prime
Mrs. Miller
Capt. John Robertson
Uli Schmetzner



Sean Voyager (Downhill Division). Dr. Erhard.

FORGET

Why ever didn't it happen to
ex-Det. Sgt. Harry Giles
Chuck Feulner
Heatherbelle Mortality Cooms

The "Once in a Lifetime but why
did it have to be MY lifetime?"

Film: "Weird Meb"
Drama: "Yuk!"
Musical: "Robert & Elizabeth"
Record: "Emergency Ward"

Worst Blodd Dots: Dolly Fricker.

Worst Idea: Perpetual Trustee's
gold medallions for shrewd in
vestos — Ming on one, Char
chill on the other.

The Won't You Come Home, Bill
Bailey, Award for Expediite
Failures: George Blaikie, Normie
Rowe.

Neville Chambers' Prize for
Senior Statesmanship: A. A. Cel-
well.

Houdini Plaque for Luckiest Es-
cape: Normie Rowe.

Dutch Treat of 1966: Beatrix and
Klaus von Amsberg.

Dutch Uncle Award: Judge Ams-
berg.

Nea-remances: P. J. Preby-Dineh
Lee; Ryne Devine-Jackie Wee-
ver.

Rebel Satirist: Will Rushfee, star
of Don Lane, Bulletin, Sunday
Telegraph and other anti-Estab-
lishment media.

The White-is-Sydney-de-as-the-
Remains-do Award: Tun Lim for
seeking consolation during his
nights off at the Paradise Club
and during his weeks off at a yet
undisclosed rendezvous.

Tom Sawyer Whitewash Award: The
"Telegraph" for its post-hock
cover-up story on Tun Lim's dis-
appearance.

Shotgun Divorce: the VRC and
Walter Hoytied.

1966's Deepest Dene: the Drought.

Bookbasher of the Year: Ross Collic, the
very forward front-rower sent
down from Oxford for making
passes at an undergraduate prop.
First time that footballer's ear
has made a Wallaby stink.

Chamber of Commerce Export
Action Award: the famous Eccles.
(Consolation prize runners-up
Sharp & Neville.)

Emigre of the Year: Hugh Gaugh,
whose archibishopric got him into
an awkward spot. Was it really
poor health which made Hugh
gird up his loins and deport, or
a clerical error in the laying on
of hands?

Youth of the Year: Peter Raymond
Koen, who confessed that he
shot at Colwell in order to gain
notoriety by killing a public
figure of great importance. He
has since been declared insane.

Psychiatrist of the Year: Sir Leslie
Hume, who in sentencing Koen
to life imprisonment, observed:
"I agree to some extent you have
a disordered personality, but you
are not weak-minded."

Bere Lesser: Ben Clerke.

The Mr. Whippy Humanities
Prize: Judge Adrian Curlews.

William Wordsworth Prize (to the
Poet on the slide from verse to
bed): Kenneth Slesser for his
authorship of that amazing
"Telegraph" editorial on Ver-
woerd's death.

Special Badges Powell "Be Prepared"
Award: Charles Whitman, the
man who killed 13 people from
the clocktower of the University
of Texas. "He was an outstanding
Boy Scout leader in Austin. He had
become an Eagle Scout when he was
only 12" (Mr. Harry Ransom, Chancellor of
the University of Texas). Whitman
was killed after firing 100 rounds
but still had left another 100
rounds in pouches and belts, 6
boxes of rifle ammunition and 4
boxes of pistol bullets.

White Bride: Brigitte Bardot.



A special prize to

SANDY

for getting her tits into everything

NEWS
FROM
BAMBI SMITH



Hi Girls,

This week I want to talk to the girls who have left school. Do you feel that you have more potential than your given credit for? Deep inside is a very glamorous you just longing to get out? Sometimes when you let her out the result is just too horrid to mention, other times "wow", for no reason, man! what you need is the new swingin' mail course of Bambi Smith's designed especially for the teenager and the not too grown up ones.

We know most of the problems, and all the answers.

This is a really great new course which we at Bambi Smith are very excited about, we think you will be, too.

See you,

Karl

■ PLAIN, January, 1987 45 ■



There are now 3 very desirable Palace Whites, your fashionable faves - the standard white and the long awaited Triplafille with the revolutionary, long-lasting collar.

Exclusive tests by Australia's greatest shirtshaver -

**"She is indeed
a lovely skirt, sir"**

Girls, here's your big opportunity to swing into the course originated by the girl who now Go-Go's with Royalty. Learn to put on graces and hairs — to the eighteenth degree. And all in a nice way, of course. You too can learn to be "as fast" (or "on the make", as Bambi says) for any social situation.

Lovely Bambi was once just the girl in the Palace shirt ads but now she is one of the most sought-after ex-models in London. Bambi writes: *When I first went overseas many people predicted nothing more for me than an unfortunate chemise but poise, confidence and that little extra something carried me through to the top.*

Whether it's a Glyndebourne concert, press conference or constitutional crisis, knowing the correct pose to assume is always invaluable.

Be prepared to meet YOUR Prince Charming. Karl now with the college while founder has been acclaimed by Royalty.

Sunday Mirror

6/- July 4, 1965 No. 118

HITLER —MY HERO



"PEOPLE ask me who my heroes are. I have only one—Hitler."

This remarkable statement was made in an interview by the man who has now become Prime Minister of South Vietnam, Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky.

He is his country's 10th Premier in twenty months, a military dictator whose precarious regime owes its survival to the presence of 70,000 American troops and the support of nations such as Britain who are embroiled in the ceaseless fight against the Communists.

A country at war against ruthless enemies needs a strong man as its leader.

But it is strength the only thing which counts?

He discussed his dangerous philosophy with Brian Moynihan, who reports today on Page 9.



South Vietnam's latest Premier, Nguyen Cao Ky—Picture by Michael Joseph.



Nurse's
ordeal
in the
Congo

—Gillian Apcox



STORM
GROWS
OVER
DUKE

—Barbara Page



Maggie
Smith
beats
Bueno

—See Page 34

THE KY FIG- URES



REV. MILES PURVIS

Rev. Miles Purvis

Farmer vicar of All Souls, Ashfield, but following his inspiring Napalm Sunday sermon now tends a flock at West Berowra.

Manages to attend every demo and is always to the thick of any incident.

As yet Miles has not been arrested but he is looking forward to a theological battle with the Marshal's Vietnamese bodyguards. "The Gestapo respected the cloth," he says, "but whether the Buddhists will is another matter."

Miles is not afraid of reprobation from the Church hierarchy ("What more can they do?") or from his few loyal parishioners. "I wasn't be a running dog-eater of Holt's," he exclaims. "God's on my side."



Mrs. Jack Larkin

Tea lady for the Association for International Co-operation & Disarmament and oldest member of the Eureka Youth League, though her rheumatism stops her walking. Mrs. Larkin now supervises Hiroshima Day sandwiches and plays Henry Lawson's mother on the SWU May Day float. Has battled for Peace ever since it began.

Hasband Jack Larkin sets her a fine example. Jack was crippled by a New Guard pink-handie at the Lane Cove Massacre but settled the score at the famous Kagarah Revenge and has continued fighting for peace. Now reduced to poster holding and Medicare handbag rolling.



MRS. JACK LARKIN

PENNY WILSON

Penny Wilson

Leading light of small but vigorous Killara C.P. branch, Penny and her university friends were eager to show that apposition was spread through every class. It was Penny's white MGII ya saw attempting to run down Holt at Kagarah Town Hall.

Led the well-remembered Ahotsleigh "black pyjama" squad at the College Street LBJ demo. Cut microphone leads at McMahon election meeting, ATN 7 teach-in and at least five Michael Barry rallies.

Her younger sister, Prue, spat at Holt (missed but hit Sgt. Langhamton of Security, an effort not wasted).

Humphrey Henson

Clerk aged 43. Mr. Henson emerged from the Martin

DEMO

Place gents late one Friday afternoon and, as he tried the court, "everything went black and I just got carried away." During his turn, Mr. Benson not only joined the demo but also attacked three policemen, who carried him away.

A similar thing happened to Mr. Benson in 1959 when he emerged and became the hero of the War Bonds Committee by pledging £162,000, which he is still paying off in instalments.

Mr. Benson, now one of the anti-Viet stalkwarts, can be relied upon to go into a trance at every demonstration.

Dr. Dermott Ailesbury

British lecturer, once one of Bernard Russell's Council of 31. Could not take the demise of CND's sit-downs, so emigrated. Now a "lunchroom strategist" for AICD, YCAC, SOS, VAD and YMCA. Under cloud in his department for introducing anti-Viet sentiments into Romantic Poets lectures.

Benson's pamphlets include "Inside the Iron Triangle," "Ba Chi Minh — the Agony and the Ecstasy" and "Fascism in the Mekong".



HUMPHREY BENSON



DR. DERMOTT AILESURY



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* OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ltd Limited, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, 2000.

* OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty. Ltd., Chippendale.

* OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be serialised. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you desire return of rejected manuscripts.

Back copies still available at 10c each are not 2, 3, 5, 7, 12, 13, 14, and 18-27 inclusive.

THE BRIDGE

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having a 'do' in the Sydney station, 1961

J.C. MOON GROUP

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is for you. 572396

VIETNAM SPECTROSCOPE

Although the leopard may not change its spots, the young boys of the 5th Battalion have decided to change their colours. Gone is the traditional deep bronze green — henceforth, according to Sydney Morning Herald Defence Correspondent, Noel Llandaff, an "olive drab" is to cover their fighting equipment. Here are a few more clothing colours expected to be seen through a field-glass clarity on the paddy fields this summer.

HAROLD HOLT FAWN: a dirty lacklustre tint, which spreads very thin. Particularly well engorged, but tends to crack under pressure. Used mainly as camouflage with EXTERNAL AFFAIRS GLOSS. Mixes well with ED CLARKE CHESTNUT, another product that is definitely up to putty.

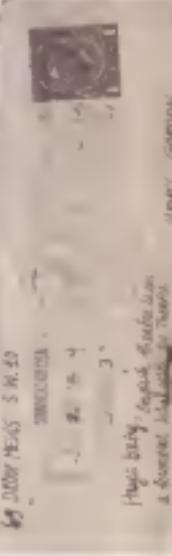
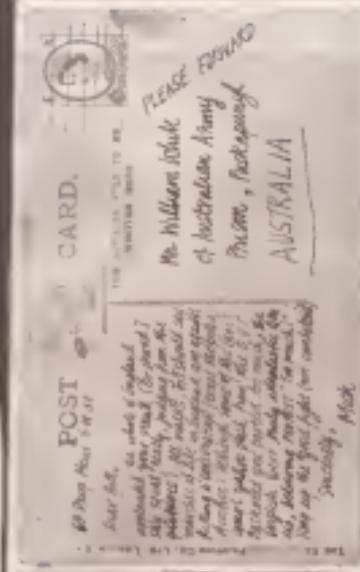
MARSHAL KY CHAMELEON: an interesting application which changes its colours with the political climate. Demands continual protection to prevent flaking. Decays easily and experts predict a sticky finish.

ANZAC BRONZE: colour of our own chocolate soldiers, by now thoroughly browned off with the whole operation. Just stir and apply—if possible with U.S. air-cover. Reputation only tarnished by Saigon Wharfrost Ia Balm paint product, which merges well at first peeling but can later cause rusty joints.

WILLIAM LILY-WHITE: one colour that doesn't make it — the army found that this white was strictly beyond the pale. It remains lead-free.

—G.R.

wish you
were
here





THE AUSTRALIAN

NUMBER 121

TELEGRAMS JANUARY 5, 1967

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FROGMEN DIVE FOR BODY OF FASTEST MAN ON LAND AND WATER

CAMPBELL DIES AT 310 mph

BRITISH patriot Donald Campbell's recent successful attempt to break the world's aquatic death speed record has served to demonstrate how this sport is beginning to attract international recognition.

The World Death Speed Record is divided into three divisions — land, aquatic and air.

Modern death speed records date from the year 545 B.C. in which it was recorded that Basya Annon, a Jewish slave to Pharaoh Thutmosees XIV was crushed to death while attempting to roll a 3-ton log up the side of the Great Pyramid. An astute Egyptian whipper noted that Annon was rolling at a velocity of approximately 478 Cubits per hour when the log overtook him. (This is also, incidentally the first entry in the World 21-ton tank log speed record archives.)

While pony-farthrops, paddle steamers and the Stephensen's Rocket had helped to keep the world death speed record rolling at a respectable rate during the Nineteenth Century, it was the invention of the internal combustion engine which brought this popular sport to its present pitch of sophistication.

The air speed record (previously held by Jean-Baptiste Babels at 65 metres per hour — recorded at the moment of

impact of his flaming hellion balloon descent in North-West France) was shattered with the first accurately measured aircraft crash. Vicençet William of Ravensham, in a rare display of sporting courage, managed to demolish his Sopwith Triplane against the four-foot thick

the competitor had survived his attempt. During the Second World War a special sub-section within the Alzager section had to be declared for recorded instances of unsped pernicious descents.

Team events — especially the annual airline crash — have attracted many competitors, and in this division additional recognition is awarded by the Society for the most successful airline company.

For sentimental reasons and also with a view to verifying doubtful cases, the Society is in regular contact with past record-holders. In its monthly newsletter "Velocity", special articles enable divers from their Upper and Lower correspondents tell of the more bizarre historic occasions. Ebeneezer Frost, overland Flashed Bam (Handspeed) record holder blazed his way to publicity when in 1927, his completely rebuilt Warlitter overhauled at 7,000 bars per min., causing the dispassion to become unstrapped. The resulting gust of hot air smothered Frost and he perished at over 150 mph.

But now it is Britain who has once again stolen the death speed record limelight. For the Campbell family at least. Father seems to have known best. Wags forecasting gloomily: "Britons rule Davy Jones' Locker, if not the waves."

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D.DUCK

— a reappraisal

Disney is dead but Donald Duck lives on. We would like to take this wonderful event as an opportunity to reprint a review that first appeared in the second issue of *DZ* in May, 1963. It is a review of the comic, "The Best of Donald Duck,"

SOME DAY when you're old and croaky and writhing in a chair, and tired out of your wits, you'll be sitting there, leaning back and under the neck of a good, easy chair and your eyes are blistred with pain, when past wear each hand and each foot are off and you can only move yourself a mile away, when your crooked back aches and your aching pillow, when at last you can't enough to remember, to pass the days you lived not a jot, a year may pass then in the afterwardness, as I am now, in the remembrance would go on with a pain in your head and here a curse and there a curse, and you'll be thinking, "I'm not fit to live."

Year at "The Best of Detroit 1940." They may read while and around us all makes easier, as Brooks' encouraging development of the Big Mill, — George Washington's indomitable literature in the publications and cases around the landscape like a centaur riding among other types of atmosphere, has also a time you will get to be like with a mission crowd, Year opening Agassiz's Monarchs into full-blossomed banner and flag, by God alone.

Consider a few things. Derrida is a *thinker* who only learned a *fact*. His *opponents* are *dogs*. He *communicates* with *wives* who wear *veilings* and *veils* and *silences* with *silences* and *whole gloves* and *purple* little *pillow houses* and *you can* *know* *bigger* *hugs* the *bigger* *hugs*. The *chests* are the *same* as the *big* *hugs*. (With the *exception* of *one* *dog* who *was* *not* *big*.) *He* *is* *not* *a* *dog* *so* *he* *can* *not* *match* *bigger* *than* *the* *wife* *and* *wife* *smaller* *than* *the* *wife* (*Black* *Pete*, *the* *Beagle* *Boyz*) and *they* *all* *speak* *the* *same* *language* and *drive* *cars*.

"Everybody wants bananas, except the sharks, who go naked in the world and are not educated. They were the top half of most men only but just think that if they even take a bath, they immediately come with a towel around their bottoms like keeping a thousand monkeys in spite of the prevailing saying that they have nothing to hide."

Should a visiting Deaf who is like most Gladstones in Deafness remain in his or a guest's home? Many Deaf and Loss are Deafness's explores and that Deaf parents are never sure or even discussed. One presumes Deafness should sleep in eggs on the doorway and bathe them himself. Yet in one example Gladstone and Deaf will pick each other with eggs (think about that for a while if you can) but in and as another item, we are not interested in Deaf.

They keep surprising they are merely
poetry students, about oxidized
the next session the anti-phthalic acid
pew up at Tracy and say—

“We had it.”
“We had wings.”
“We could.”

Artfully their planes have worked their way in, so they have only three steps on each load. Some are more uncoordinated than others. Gladstone has very bad, though his relatives and servants with George John claim to be Gladstone's uncle, though his name is in fact Gladstone, and a brother Gladstone's brother says his son is a highly developed. He wears a top hat, open, and they sit on the top of his feet, open, and open. Spiders live on, even the



One day, later, when we had a break in the rain and got out up by schedule with guitars. "The best of Duluth Duck will be on. "Member of us day. Nothing that can please can be that simple. If a guy is have a blues, we've got it.

No Holts Barred

1966 was the year of changeover: to decimal currency (C-day), to Harold (M-day); it was the year of card-busting (it's an ill draft that blows nobody any good), of mini-skirts (see mini-imaginativeness, mini-foresight, mini-statelessness). It was the year of "No Holts Barred".

It was the end of the Ming Dynasty. It was a year of designers (Gordon Andrews, Utzoo, the House of Megg) but above all it was the Year of the Holt and the Maimed. In the end it was Harold and Vietnam that dominated.

"No Holts Barred" begins at Mezzies and traces the last twelve months through a selection of the best political and social comment cartoons published in that period . . . cartoons by Petty, Molnar, Tanner, Sharp, Rigsby, Weg, Benier, Collette, Eye Jar., Mercier, Gleeshaw and Senevir. Over 100 of them.

"No Holts Barred" is selected and with a text by Richard Walsh. It sells at all booksellers at 90c.

"On January 22 Richard Walsh will be autographing copies of "No Holts Barred" from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. at The Pocket Bookshop, 98 Pitt St., Sydney, where during the same week Alan Parker, Jim Smith and Ronald Anderson will be autographing their current Sun Books: "The Nature", "An Ornament of Great" and "On the Sheep's Back".



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SPECIAL OFFER

Airmail copies of the first edition of London OZ will be available within the next fortnight. Send 40c to OZ at 16 Hunter St., Sydney.

O.K.

The bus moved slowly off officially, stop-stop. The upstairs section was full except for one seat beside an auburn girl. He was suddenly interested by the situation and, while he sat an arm, he made a display of looking for another and sat there very seriously and very naturally, not beside her.

Proceeding to sit him the middle deck, now with a few glasses of concentrated mousse to spell on the girl. She was over makeup but her hair was straight and braided, and her shirt and coat. She wore a black sweater over unemphasized blouse which swayed slightly with a heavy physical movement. She wore black light gold-threaded slippers. Around her neck was an imitation gold identification bracelet which hung down over her bust. Why was the way the sweater fell lascivious? She chewed gum. Small portions made them drip like bubbles — or like Sunday school gates.

He carefully did not touch her with his leg and checked and measured the inevitable gap between them. He opened and did not read *Our Language*. She will see that I am an extremely he thought, anything he might have had case around under his belt.

If I don't talk with her my membership of SABA means nothing. I'd be nothing more than an amateur do-gooder. He faintly watched and listened, the one or two glances she gave him but they were unresented and did not interrupt the rhythm of her pose. Girls like her are passed as by every drunk and leered at by every rocker. We long suspected it exploitable. If I talk with her it will be useful preparation for the September Freedom Ride. It could be informative. She'll think I'm trying a pickup. James Baldwin was right when he said that it is difficult for black and white to meet freely because both have their real responses masked by perceptions, evasions, and malicious attitudes.

He looked into his book. Even having Baldwin between an obstacle it is a yet another intellectual interference. The colour problem is infinitely complicated.

Nonetheless he was anxious about beginning the conversation because others in the bus would overhear and consider it as a pickup. He would be hampered by this. He felt defeated. It was unable to relate easily to strange situations. I am too concerned with who am, who think. I am a simple victim. He am, frustrating. I am part simple or relate. I am, morally simple.

He remained his personality for another attempt. I will talk to her.

At the next stop he thought, at the next stop.

The bus was employing. That was at least to his advantage. He would talk with her about SABA. About the before there'd had from Paul Stoller about Baldwin.

Then she stood up. He looked up politely and moved his brief case comprising his legs against the rest. She passed him, smelling of perfume — too much, he thought, but for some it would be erotic. With both relief and disappointment he acknowledged that the opportunity had been lost and so demolished his personality.

But she did not leave the bus. Started.



Sheed &

O.K.

BY FRANK MOOREHOUSE

be was her not an accepted seat.

My God, they it think I snatched her at something. He relented and looked into his book.

Every man must try it on them. She must have wanted to avoid me — as a protection. But I was different. I don't look like a bum. It was plain that I was from university. I am not exactly the hoodlum type. Perhaps she wanted to be picked up. Perhaps she was sitting in an empty seat and attract a pickup. His mind galloped around the idea. No, that was unfair. Perhaps she just wanted more room. I wasn't crowding her. He checked the space he occupied on the seat. A dusty hall.

She's frightened of whites. We white minorities are exploitable. We are a majority. Majority equals power. Power permits exploitation. Death's most ferocious.

He perched at her nose and then, up from his book. In the city she needed to leave she has two steps before him. Impulsively he decided to slight her. He stood back with a friendly smile, to allow her to pass the salient hurdle. I am doing this out of curiosity. I'm doing it because I failed to make a human contact, to reach out, because I failed as a human being. Although it was a little offended my because she moved. She's my age. I could take her place. She means more for her opportunities. We have to break their depressed living patterns.

He stumbled off the bus. Hell. "Excuse me," he said. "I was going to talk to you before you moved."

She stopped going at him. "I'm from SABA — Student Action for Aborigines — at the university — I guess you know all about it."

She might have about her hand. She might have nodded like stood there, but stopped.

She began to move away.

Please — don't get me wrong — please. Would you like coffee or something? We could sit. About conditions. I was so triggered when you moved to another seat.

I wanted you to sit next to me, the end of a shared sentence which passed from him to each hand.

"Oh, I thought all sorts of things," he laughed. "You had me worried, he laughed.

He walked beside her laughing as she moved.

I thought we could have a talk — now that that seat is broken," he smiled.

She looked at him, slowing down her cheering to a derive manner.

"Put off, she said through her grin and then walked away. She crossed the street and went into a house.

Well, he thought I bullet that up. He stood embarrassed.

OK, OK. so I did have to screw her. He felt some pain from this recognition. He sensed the pleasure of all this violence. OK, in all contact with coloured people is sexual. He jumped onto the thought and rode it.

You only meet them in a deep somnolent hope, that you'll get to meet their wives, daughters or sisters and be admitted to their dark, unbroken, mysterious sexual rooms. All women with coloured people is sexual, even if you do some Good to get it. We're hopefully sexually conditioned. He hurried the idea with a clear instance. I don't mind coloured girls being oversexualised — I wouldn't like Julie to wear say.

OK, OK, so I'm prepossessed and I wanted to screw her. So we're all prepossessed and we all want to screw them.

CLIPPER TOO FAST FOR BIRTH girl overboard !!!

The fast steam clipper chartered by Jack Kernohan The Blackman, the arrival of which was reported in the last issue of OZ, met with disaster. Arriving in a good wine, with the Captain swigging heartily, The Made in the storm and in bad with a Gun & Fire blanket, the old fashioned Shearwater Cocked. The ship went past the port, and has only just触碰ed. "Cowboy Korn" was just installed, riding a sea-horse to the end.

Books salvaged include The Photographer & His Model . . . both in good condition. 118 big pages. 39.90

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Exact reproductions of the first newspaper in the Colony, really good, especially if you can find some juice bits & pieces. All the boddies disguised as goodies of Govt officials the bad galls etc. Old advertisements. Leading vicars, politicians & other aques.

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MAIL ORDER GENIUS

A Day in the NEVER-NEVER

—by a Vester's Vagabond:

Him Vester say you got. You git no more belly as mine me, jum. Ever no lottery no more. He say you like this like. Once Twin you set for more you shandy dollar. You no plenty git more. You git.

We git. We walkabout forty fifty mile. Minna hungry. Kids hungry. Minna say when you gonna git dinner. Minna hungry. I say hungry he all in in.

We travel. We bloody bightler parents. Snack up bloody snack with mafu mafu. Then would you believe along come pianer bus. Bloody gonna him near die si friggle he go like hell.

Plan pianer but he no cap but him sheep plazza little mafu. Bloody good.

We walkabout more. Minna hungry. Kids hungry. Me bloody hungry. Then him kid him when mother out see him yell out. How bloody clever bastard. Him travel dinner. Him travel on bloody rapen make.

We all full now. That bloody snake him good talker. And him wander out say, men have to work for bloody Vester. no more.



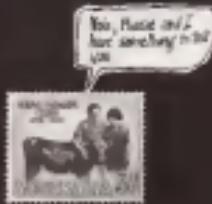
Black Banners

Off the road we crossed the nation. That the road right of freedom. The road and the men were here at the 20 months when bloody brothers, bloody sisters, wives and mothers, as as they before they would not be claimed. "Patriotism for Export." Across through the North-North. And the civilian world would soon startle tonight.

But their song will rise in time, For that voice is always right, And need poetic justice up the modern.

— by Ruth Walker

Grennie Martin's Favourites
greet tunes
gas stage act
Contact John Pike, 96-3157
or phone OZ.



Tom, Please tell me about the
changes.



Tom, Please tell me about the
changes.



Tom, Please tell me about the
changes.

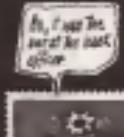
I cannot tell
you about the
changes.



Tom, Please tell me about the
changes.



Mother can tell
you about the
changes.



Tom, Please tell
me about the
changes.



Tom, Please tell
me about the
changes.



Mother can tell
you about the
changes.

Tom, Please tell
me about the
changes.



QANTAS SCANDAL

The Qantas strike lasted 28 days and cost Qantas — and indirectly the country — \$10 million. It is an axiom that when someone loses, someone else must have at least a chance of gaining. Let us ask a few questions to decide who this might have been.

1. Sir Roland Wilson is chairman of Qantas, and took a fairly conciliatory line in the strike. Formerly he was secretary to the treasury under the Menzies government.

- (a) Who was his boss then?
- (b) What position does this man hold now?

2. Several days before the strike ballot was taken among the pilots Mr. Leslie Bury, the Minister for Labour and National Service, suggested to Mr. William McMahon, the deputy leader of the Liberal Party, that the planned trip to Japan in which Mr. Bury was going to negotiate for Mr. McMahon might be unsafe. I might be needed here, Mr. Bury said with massive understatement.

Mr. McMahon replied: Nonsense, old boy. You go to Japan and I will look after everything here. And take three weeks there, not the six you've planned.

Mr. Bury left, and still before the strike ballot was taken, Mr. McMahon rang Sir Roland Wilson. Your pilots are likely to go on strike, he told Sir Roland, with the uncanny prescience that has made his name a byword. But don't you do anything about it, he warned, as if Sir Roland could have. The government, is the person of myself, will fix everything.

When the pilots did go on strike, Mr. McMahon issued an inflammatory statement which showed his own impotence and prolonged the strike unnecessarily for at least a fortnight.

- (a) What job does Mr. McMahon want?
- (b) Why has he been convincing support in the Liberal Party to get rid of Harold Holt?
- (c) What important triannual event took place on the fourth day of the strike, November 28?

3. Captain Richard Holt (no relation to Harold) is the strongly militant leader of the Pilots' Federation. His intransigence in negotiations and open enmity to the Qantas management also prolonged the strike unnecessarily.

Captain Holt is not a Qantas pilot. In fact, for some time he has not even held a commercial pilot's licence.

- (a) By which commercial airline operator is he employed?
- (b) Why has Reg Ansett been conducting a survey on the cost of running an overseas airline?

4. Sir Frank Pecker insisted that either he himself or the editor of the Daily Telegraph, Mr. David McMillan, personally inspect everything written by his reporters on the strike before it appeared. Even for the Daily Telegraph, the demand for a hard government line and the borderline libel pieces about the pilots appeared extreme. End the strike at any cost, was the cry.

- (a) Why does Sir Frank Pecker want Mr. McMillan as prime minister?
- (b) Why does Sir Frank Pecker hate Reg Ansett? Can it really only be because Mr. Ansett's television stations are subsidised while Sir Frank's are not?

5. Mr. Leslie Bury was the man who eventually broke the strike, despite Mr. McMahon's helpful advice ("put them all in gaol, Leslie. They'll back down, like the wharfies did for me . . ."). The Minister for Civil Aviation, Mr. Swartz, was not much help either.

- (a) How do these three get on together?
- (b) Which of them does Harold Holt like best?

6. The chief executive of Qantas is Mr. G. O. Turner, whom the pilots hate. Mr. Turner thinks he should have been chairman of Qantas. But Harold Holt and Sir Robert Menzies thought Sir Roland Wilson should be chairman of Qantas, despite the fact that Sir Roland knows little if anything about running an airline.

- (a) Which of these two men has more actual power in Qantas?
- (b) Why did Mr. Turner spend so much time during the negotiations trying to make Sir Roland look foolish in front of the pilots?
- (c) Why did Mr. Turner take a very hard line during negotiations?
- (d) How do Reg Ansett, Mr. McMahon and Mr. Turner get on together?

7. Who stood to profit if, during the strike:

- (a) The government, and through it the Prime Minister, was discredited;
- (b) The management of Qantas, and through it the chairman, was discredited;
- (c) Qantas was damaged?

8. What proportion of the pilots and general public were able to answer these questions during the strike?

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20 OZ, January 1967